VISIT…

The Land of

Counterpane

by Robert Louis

Stevenson

When I was sick

and lay a-bed

I had two pillows

at my head,

And all my toys

beside me lay

To keep me happy

all the day.

And sometimes for

an hour or so

I watched my

leaden soldiers go,

With different

uniforms and drills,

Among the

bedclothes, through

the hills;

And sometimes

sent my ships

in fleets

All up and down

among the sheets;

Or brought my

trees and houses

out, And planted

cities all about.

I was the giant

great and still

That sits upon

the pillow-hill,

And sees before

him, dale and plain,

The pleasant land

of counterpane.